

HONORING GUIDANCE

by Cliff Houghton

Cliff Houghton is a native Washingtonian, but his life changed dramatically in his teens when his parents bought a farm near the city. His father's real estate company allowed him to get into real estate selling, purchasing, and property management at a young age. He bought his first house—an old house he had admired while still in high school—when he was twenty-two. Over his twenty-nine-year career in real estate, Cliff has purchased and renovated more than fifteen houses. He is currently restoring two more near his own North View Farm in Maryland, where he lives with Bill Rowlett, his partner of sixteen years. During Cliff's GATEWAY VOYAGE® in 1997, one response to the Five Messages exercise was a vision of a red barn and white silos. They are the first things one sees on driving up the country road toward Cliff's and Bill's farm. Cliff attended the GATEWAY VOYAGE a second time and GUIDELINES® three times, then LIFELINE® and EXPLORATION 27®, as well as MC², the REMOTE VIEWING PRACTICUM, and STARLINES twice. He spreads the word about TMI to anyone who seems receptive. Cliff lives at the farm and has a condo near his office in the city. In both locations, he has had opportunities to honor guidance.

Since 1997, and especially since moving to the farm in 2000, my life has been filled with magical things. This year (2006) I have been moving toward plant and animal communication. One evening not long ago, while walking around our farm pond, I noticed the steers ambling down the lane toward the fields. It was getting near sunset, and suddenly the lead cow let out a loud “Moo!” Immediately I “heard,” “Hurry up. We need to reach the pastures by sundown.” A few years ago during a dry spell, I decided to take several five-gallon buckets and water a huge old oak tree that lives in the center of the farm. As I was watering around the trunk, I heard, “Don't worry about me. Water the young trees instead.” Many young trees we had planted nearby were wilting in the summer heat. During the first exercise at the STARLINES program, I became aware of a presence. It was the spirit of the oak tree at the farm. “He” asked if it would be okay if he traveled with me to the stars and saw through my eyes, because he had been rooted in one place for many years. I said, “Of course!” and had a fellow traveler that week.

On July 13 as I was falling off to sleep about 1:15 A.M., I suddenly thought, “Fire.” Then, I heard words in my head indicating that I should get up and go out into the condominium hallway. Once there, I smelled something burning. The building was totally quiet and asleep. I walked down our halls and did not see smoke, but the burning smell was definitely still there. As I went to pull the fire alarm, a neighbor at the far end of the hall came out and said that she had had a dream about fire that had awakened her. She called the fire department while I

pulled the alarm. We assisted our neighbors out of the building. The fire department found that one of the motors that operates the central air conditioning system had burned out and shut itself off. Since these motors run on gas, the building was loaded up with carbon monoxide. The fireman said I did the right thing by pulling the alarm.

Last year, I was awakened from a sound sleep by hearing the words, "Get up, there is someone outside who needs your help." I pulled on my clothes, grabbed a raincoat and hat, and went outside into the pouring rain. The road near the building was flooded, and a car had washed off the road. As I walked toward the car, trying to decide whether to wade out into the waters, emergency personnel arrived. They got the man out of the car where he had been trapped. Although he was badly shaken up, they left him shivering and soaked on the sidewalk and drove away. I befriended him, took him to my apartment, gave him dry clothes, and after the waters subsided, I helped him open up his car and get his house keys. The car was totaled, as the water had been up to the dashboard. I then drove him to his home, which was forty-five minutes away. He had been driving back from a PTA meeting on the dark parkway near my building when he drove into the flash flood and felt his car floating away toward a nearby flooded stream. All of these instances confirm for me that I am receiving strong guidance, and I thank TMI for giving me the tools that allow me to be receptive.

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